

It was not however from this consideration alone that it is introduced in these pages, but also from a desire on the part of the author to pay a tribute of well-deserved respect to the memory of so excellent and accomplished a man, as the late Rev. William Gilpin; who after fulfilling his duties in the most exemplary manner for twenty years, as the rector of the parish of Boldre, chose for his last resting-place this sweet sequestered spot, amidst the scenes he so much loved, and has so well described: thus realizing the wish of Bloomfield, that favoured, though lowly votary of the rural Muse,

"O Heaven permit that I may lie
Where o'er my course green branches wave;
And those who from life's tumults fly,
With kindred feelings press my grave."

Nor can a work professing to illustrate Forest Scenery, and to draw the attention of the reader to the pure and exalted pleasures which a love of nature inspires, conclude the portion of it which belongs to England better than with a tribute of respect to a name so connected with its subject, and adorned with so many virtues as that of
GILPIN.